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## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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From "Harper's Monthly" for December.

BY FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

**Hammer and Tong!** What have we here? Let us approach, but not to near, Two men standing breast to breast; Head erect and arched chest; Shoulders square and hands hard clenched; And both their faces a trifle blanched; Their lips are set in a smile so grim, And sturdily set each muscular limb. Round them circles a ring of rope, Over them hangs the Heaven's blue cope. Why do they glare at each other so? What you really then don't know? This is a prize-fight, gentle sir! This is what makes the papers stir. Talk of your ocean telegraph! This 's no great an event by half, As when two young men, lusty and tall, With nothing between them of hate or wrongs, Come together to batten and maul, To come and fight till one shall fall. Hammer and tong!

Round about is a boisterous crowd, Heavily jowled and beetle-browed; Concave faces trampled in, As if with the iron hoof of Sin! Blasphemies dripping from off their lips, Pistols bulging behind their hips; Hands accustomed to deal the cards; Or strike with the cowardly knuckle guard. Who are these ruffians follow, I say, That taunt the breath of Autumn day? These are the "Fancy," gentle Sir. The Fancy? What have they to do with her? Oh! 'tis their fancy to look at a fight—To we may struggle, and gong, and blare. Bloody noses and bunged-up eyes! These are the things the Fancy prize. And so they get men lusty and tall, With nothing between them of hate or wrongs, To come together to batten and maul. To come and fight till one shall fall. Hammer and tong!

Grandly the Autumn forests shine, Red as gold in an Indian mine! A dreamy mist, a vapory smoke Hangs round the patches of evergreen oak. Over the broad lake shines the sun—The lake that Ferry battled upon— Striking the upland fields of malice That glow through the soft October haze. Nature is tracing with languid hand Lessons of Peace over lake and land. Ay! but yet is this tranquil spot Chosen by both, assailed, and set, To pit two young men, lusty and tall, With nothing between them of hate or wrongs, One with the other, to batten and maul. To tussle and fight till one shall fall. Hammer and tong!

Their faces are rich with a healthy hue, Their eyes are clear, and bright, and blue; Every muscle is clean and fine, And their blood is pure as the purest wine. It is a pleasure their limbs to scan, Splendid types of the animal man; Splendid types of that human grace, The noblest that God has willed to trace. Brought to this by science and art, Trained, and nourished, and kept apart; Cunningly fed on the wholesome food, Carefully watched in every mood; Brought to this state, so noble and proud, To savagely tussle before a crowd— To dim the light of the eyes so clear, To mask the face to a bloody smear, To maim, deface, and kill, if they can. The glory of all creation—Man! This the task of those lusty and tall, With nothing between them of hate or wrongs, To bruise and wrestle, and batten and maul. And fight till one or the other shall fall. Hammer and tong!

With feet firm planted upon the sand, Face to face at "the scratch" they stand. Feinting first—a blow—a guard! Then some blitting heavy and hard. The round fist falls with a horrid thud; Whenever it falls comes a spout of blood! Blow after blow, fall after fall, For twenty minutes they tussle and maul. The ones are a gory grub, The others are knocked to sternal smash! The bold, bright eyes are bloody and dim, And staggering, shivers each stalwart limb. Faces glowing with stupid wrath, Hard breaths breathed through a bloody froth; Blind and faint, they rain their blows On cheeks like jelly and shapeless nose; While the concave faces round the rope Darken with panic or light with hope, Till one force brute, with a terrible blow, Lays the other poor animal low.

Are these the forms so noble and proud That, kinglike, towered above the crowd? Where are the faces so fresh and free? There! those illegible masses of flesh! Thus we see men lusty and tall, Who, with nothing between them of hate or wrongs, Will baffle and batten, and tussle and maul, And fight till one or the other shall fall. Hammer and tong!

Trainers, backers, and betters all! Who teach young men to tussle and maul, And spend their muscle, and blood, and life, Given for good, in a loathsome strife—I know what the Devil will do for you, You pistolting, bullying, cowardly crew! He'll light up his furnaces red and blue, And treat you all to a roast and stew! Oh! he'll do you up, and he'll do you brown, On pitchforks cast into mighty prongs, While chuckling feuds your agonies crown By stirring you up and keeping you down With hammer and tong!

—Why is the approach to Liverpoold by the river, the dirtiest in England? Because the quality of Mersey is not strained.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF PARIS:  
PAINTED FROM LIFE.

"Paris am I am!"—CORNWALL.  
"Now being from Paris recently,  
This fine young man would show his skill." HOLMES.

BY HENRY CLAPP, JR.

## CHAPTER IV.

How the author might have been cheated—How he reaches Dover, sees a perfid Niagara, and embarks on a snub-nosed little steamer which he catches whistling under false pretences—How his personal estate is setted by the strong minded women of Calais—How he is taken to a Den of Thieves, and his inviolable and unassisted virtue are publicly exposed—How he experiences a "delightful" night in town in the Library—How his passport betrays what manner of a man he is—How he passes through a pigeon-hole and sees a dock—How he emerges from the Den of Thieves partially dismembered—And how he wonders that travellers are not more like oysters!

It about three hours, each of which might have passed itself off upon me as a good day, we were in Dover, whose white cliffs, a perfect Niagara of chalk, made the Channel look like a broad river of milk and water. Here we found a snub-nosed little boat, smoking a short pipe, wheezing through the nose as if she had the asthma, and blowing a piping whistle under the ludicrous pretense of letting off superfluous steam. About two hundred of us contrived to pack ourselves edgeways on the narrow deck; and after two hours' struggle with a squadron of spiteful little waves trooping over from the French coast, like so many *grisettes* in smart white caps, and no end of flounces, we had crossed the Milky Way and were in the hands of the tri-colored authorities at Calais. I had no sooner landed, than my innocent carpethag was seized by one of the strong-minded women who seem to have secured their rights in that advanced seaport, and, despite the protests of my gallant American nature, the brisk porters, bribing porters, besieging bureaus, scolding cabmen, and grumbling at everybody. Fashionable young ladies, out on their first continental tour, were practising boarding-school French upon gallant inspectors in the act of examining the most unmentionable articles of their wardrobe. Fine old English gentlemen were venting their fine old English spleen upon officials who had the audacity to ask if they "had anything concealed upon their persons liable to pay duty." Free and independent young Americans were protesting, with great waste of energy, against anybody's claiming to exercise the right of search upon free-born citizens of the United States. Very Red Republicans were cursing Louis Napoleon for not abolishing a system which the Provisional Government itself did not have the courage to reform. In fine, the whole scene was one of unmixed confusion, the only cool-blooded persons in the crowd being the hardened officials, who seemed to think, with me, that travellers ought by this time to have become reconciled being plundered as eels have to being skinned.

CHAPTER V.

The author arrives in Paris—Describes a revelation from London—Arrives in a British Inn—Sees a Queen and her Queen—Lodges at the Hotel Corneille—Expresses the backward estimation of the English—Describes the crossing—See a New Tyrolean—Shows him hairy legs—Refuses a New Tyrolean—Scribbles—Digs the Landlord—Makes peace by the aid of Legs—Learns something about his Family—Sees a new Species of Horse—Standing on end!—Is introduced to a Captain—Is ordered to "Cresties"—Cresties—Breaks up a Love Scene—Puts the Nymph—Mores on—And (for further particulars, see next chapter).

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
But him here;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the old coat and all that;  
Were no queer!!!

The passport official was a club-headed fellow in spectacles, with a sole-leather complexion, and a crop of coarse hair standing stiff on end, brush fashion, and looking like a seven days' growth of rank grass. He was as grizzly as a clerk in a post-office.

My passport evidently puzzled him. He contrived, however, at last, to buzz through it, getting it all wrong, of course, though peering at all the while over his spectacles to be sure it was "all right," and at last pronouncing that it was, albeit, if he read correctly, I have (or had)—"Hair, blue; eye-brows, red; nose, oval; complexion, spare; whiskers, 5 feet 8 inches; age, pointed; height, 25 years," etc. The reading of the passport finished, and Chubbhead being satisfied that it answered to me in every particular, and that my presence in France would not prevent the Prince President from becoming Emperor, the document was endorsed "Johnny Crapœus," or words to that effect, when I was again delivered over to the three-cornered gentleman, who took me round a fourth corner, and delivered me over to the Railroad office.

A cocky blue cap, a gold-embroidered coat, and a pair of blue trousers with gold lace running down one leg and crawling up the other, now approached me, while a voice from the blue cap directed me to the Weighing Room. My persecuted carpethag was then thrown into a huge balance, but not being heavy enough to turn the scales, it was declared, after some consultation, to be within the prescribed weight, and I was directed to a little pigeon-hole on the left to get myself finally booked for Paris. Through this pigeon-hole gleamed a black-eyed Susan, wonderfully done up in roses and ribbons, and fragrant as a scent-bag; while at my approach forth came, like a dove, a pretty white hand, into which I instinctively placed my ticket. While gazing abstractedly through the oval aperture, and wondering as I gazed, whether all French women had such black eyes and white hands, a tinkling little voice—such as surely never man heard from any other bureau said to me: "Monsieur, here is your billet, if you please;" and folding the now precious document in my wallet, I returned to black-eyed Susan my Frenchiest thanks, and strolled back to enjoy the confusion of my fellow-travellers at the Custom-House. I met Legs striding away from the den like an ostrich.

"Delighted to hear it, my good fellow—you're a good boy!" reaching out my own, which he clasped like a lobster. "Isn't he a stunner?" said Legs, looking down on him like a pair of tongs on a dog-toe. "I—i—i—o," stuttered I, writhing back and forth like a sq—sq—sq—squashy tea. Legs stopped, drew me a nose of red pepper, lit me a cigarette, and said "Come along, man, you've given me a cramp."

"The wobblers have stolen my plaid shawl," said he. "Stolen it! How's that?"

"Paris am I am!" (in a red-eyed beer-syle at the bar,) "Have clean sheets put on No. 1. And now, Sir, what'll you 'ave to drink? I passed for a *femme* in Hindland. Now, sir, do I look like a *femme*? Rather not," said he, answering himself, and looking more like an ostrich than ever. "Rather not. Oh, I should like to catch them fellows on the road in Yorkshire—any dozen of them. I'd show 'em whether I passed for a *femme* or not, the brutes!"

"But why don't you pay the duty?"

"Pay the devil! I'd see 'em in—! I beg your pardon, sir—I'd see 'em flogged first! Besides," said he, getting funny, "Hindland expects every man to do his duty—not to pay it. And I'll 'ave my revenge,"—added, getting savage again—"if I do any frog of a Frenchman I meet with out of his high-teeth. Besides, I'll go to our Hambassador and tell him that the liberty of a British subject 'as been hinwaled, and that this hinfederal republic, like every other

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